

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known the woes to come to me,
If I had dreamed how sad life was to be,
How often I should weep and sigh alone,
If I had thought of dark and desolate time—
I'd never have longed for manhood's
glorious prime,
If I had known.

If I had known how fate would deal with me,
How oft in dreams my cottage home I'd
see,
The flowering vines around its windows
grown,
I'd never have scorned the sunshine on
its floor,
Nor turned with willing feet from its
low door,
If I had known.

If I had known how I would miss the song
The birds sang by my window all day long,
The brook that, singing, rippled 'round a
stone,
I'd never have left the sounds unheeded
then,
How sweet their music to my ears had
been,
If I had known.

If I had known how I would miss the face,
Sweet smiling in its old accustomed place,
The patient light that in those dear eyes
shone,
I'd never have touched that face with
pained surprise,
Nor brought the tears into those tender
eyes.

If I had known!
—D. M. Wright, in Minneapolis House-
keeper.

The Pygmy Bandit.

By Paul Pastnor.

"SEE you are growing somewhat curious about my stuffed eagle?" remarked Sandhurst, the detective, with a smile, as he caught my eye wandering for the fifth time to the big bird perched with outspread wings on the top of his bookcase. "Have another cigar, and I will tell you how I came by him. The tale is odd and will interest you, I think."

"It happened in 1845. The great and populous state of Missouri was then little more than a thinly-settled wilderness. Traveling was done mainly by stage and saddle. There were a few main roads, leading for long distances through woods and prairie; but for the most part the country was wild and uninhabited."

"Father at that time lived about 40 miles from the present site of St. Louis in a little frontier community called St. Regis. I believe the name has been changed since. I haven't been back there for half a century. Father was storekeeper and postmaster. I was his only child, and at the time I am telling you about was a kid of 14."

"One day the mail carrier rode up to the store in a state of great excitement. He tumbled off his horse and came into the store, pale and hardly able to speak."

"What's the matter, Corrigan?" asked my father.

"Matter, sir? The devil himself's to pay! An imp of Satan dropped upon me out at the clear sky, sir, an' wid a pistol to each ear as me ears could me to drop the mail bag in the road an' ride for me loife, widout wance lookin' behind."

"And you obeyed?"

"Av course Oi did. Whin the evil wan himself has the drop on a man loike that do yez think it would be healthy for him to stop an' palaver? No, sir! Oi cut loose the mail, an' the devil dropped off me horse's flank, an', hiven be praised! Oi aim alive to tell yez the tale."

"Did you not get a glimpse of the man?"

"The man? No, sir! Oi'm tellin' yez it wasn't a man at all! It was a devil, or Oi'll ate me head! How could a man light upon me horse's back from behind widout a sound av warning? The first ting Oi knew the imp had his shootin' irons in me ears; an' whin he spoke, begorra, the schell av his voice was like sulphur. U-r-r-r! Worra, worra! Tim Corrigan's no coward, plaze God, whin it comes to d'avin' wid man or baste. But the devil himself's another thing."

"The news spread like wildfire through the little community that burly Tim Corrigan had been robbed of the mail. Twelve or fifteen men and boys soon gathered at the store and a party was made up, headed by my father, to ride back to the scene of the robbery and see if any trace of Tim's 'devil' could be discovered. Tim himself at first refused to go. He was entirely demoralized by superstitious fear. But upon promise of a body-guard and a safe place at the rear he finally consented to be one of the party."

"The mail bag was found at the exact spot indicated by Corrigan, ripped open and rifled of all its valuable contents, consisting of several packages of value and inclosures of money. But not the slightest tract of the thief could be discovered. There were no prints of a horse's hoof save those of the animal ridden by Corrigan himself. Neither could a man's footprints be found nor a trail in the bushes beside the road. An old Indian fighter in the party searched long and carefully, but even his trained eye failed to discover a sign. The affair was a mystery, and Tim's theory of the agency of the evil one began, covertly, to gain some ground."

"This strange highway robbery, however, was only the first of many of a similar character which from that time on amazed and terrified the pioneers throughout that section. The paymaster of a lumbering gang was mysteriously pounced upon and relieved of \$500 in small bills. A farmer

returning from the gristmill lost the little roll of money that represented nearly all his season's earnings. A surveyor, separated from the rest of his party, felt suddenly a death-like grip about his neck that tightened relentlessly until he lost consciousness. When he recovered he found his instrument, his watch and his little store of cash all gone. It was getting to be as much as a man's life was worth to venture alone into the woods."

"In every case it was noted that the mysterious assailant attacked only solitary victims, and that he always pounced upon them silently from above and behind. It was enough to make a man's blood cold to reflect that at any moment this mysterious creature, man, beast or devil, might light on his neck and choke, shoot or stab the life out of him. As yet there was no record of murder against the creature, but who could tell what he might do if resisted or unduly provoked?"

"After three different mail carriers had been robbed the post office officials sent a detective to St. Regis to look into the matter. This man, I remember, was an object of the greatest wonder and admiration on the part of our entire community, none of us ever having seen a real live detective before. He lodged with father during his stay in St. Regis, and thus I was brought into intimate association with him. The result of that intimacy, I think I may say, was what determined my choice of a profession in life. But I am digressing—or anticipating."

"The detective scoured the woods for days at a time. He lay in concealment at various points of the post road between St. Regis and the station on the river where the mail was delivered to the carrier. He even risked carrying the mail himself a few times; but, as he told me, laughingly, the strain of that constant twist of the neck was too much for him."

"So long as the detective remained in the vicinity there were no more robberies nor assaults. The clever man discovered nothing positive, but he puzzled out a clew, which he gave to father for what it was worth when he was obliged to leave on other business. The clew was this:

"Near the spot where the surveyor had been overpowered the detective found an eagle's feather. Most men would not have given this slight circumstance a second thought. But a detective is a man to whom everything possesses significance. My friend put the feather in his pocket and pondered over it. He reflected that the approach of the bandit was always, apparently, through the air; that he dropped silently down upon his victim from behind and above, as a bird of prey might do. Was it not possible, then—putting two and two together—that the creature, whatever it was, might be something in bird form?"

"I saw that my father was inclined to smile at the suggestion when it was made to him, but I treasured it in my mind, for I could not help feeling somehow that it came startlingly near the truth."

"No sooner was the detective gone than I felt to working out this clew. To be sure, I was only a boy, but I was active and inquisitive and very desirous of doing something to prove myself worthy of the detective's friendship. Besides, the post office authorities had offered a reward of \$300 that would lead to the discovery of the mysterious highwayman, or \$500 for his actual capture. Such an incentive as this was enough to sharpen a boy's wits as well as a man's."

"The thing for me to do, I concluded, was to keep a sharp lookout for eagles at all hours of the day. With this purpose in mind, I spent a large share of my leisure time on top of a cliff about three miles from St. Regis, commanding a wide view of the valley in which the village lay."

"The detective had been gone about a week when, one afternoon, as I lay upon the cliff, I saw a shadow sail over the woods below me. Looking up from my place of concealment, I beheld, almost directly over my head, the form of a great eagle outlined against the sky. It was sailing over me at a considerable height, but I could see it plainly enough, and there was something so odd about its appearance that I was struck with amazement. On either side of its neck there hung down what looked like a black streamer. The effect was as if the bird were wearing a long muffler, the ends of which trailed below its breast."

"The eagle was drifting away from me over the valley, and its body for a time was between me and anything that might be clinging to its neck. But finally it made a turn, and I could dimly see, although the distance was now too great for accurate observation with the naked eye, a sort of excrecence on the bird's back, directly over the trailing streamers. How I longed for a good field glass or telescope! I was almost wild with curiosity, yet could do nothing but conjecture over the strange appearance of the bird. Of one thing I was almost positive, however, and that was that the object which was now fading away in the distance had been directly connected with every one of the recent robberies."

"The very next day word reached us at St. Regis of a murder and robbery that had taken place in the next township. A trapper, returning from the settlements with a considerable sum of money, realized from the sale of his pelts, had been attacked in the open roadway, and having, undoubtedly, attempted to resist his insidious assailant, had been fatally stabbed at the base of the neck. His money was gone and his body when discovered lay in the road where it had fallen. There was no evidence of a struggle, no footprints other than those of the victim himself, but in the dust somebody had found and picked up another eagle's feather. I learned this fact incidentally, and it settled in my mind the real nature of the unknown assailant."

"From that day I never went into the woods without my rifle; for father had given me a little rifle to use in hunting squirrels and wild turkeys. My thoughts dwelt constantly upon the mysterious eagle, and I was always on the lookout for the great bird."

"Weeks passed. Excitement was running higher than ever over the uncanny bandit of the woods, for bolder and more frequent assaults were constantly reported. Quite a number of settlers had moved away from sheer terror and apprehension. The state had taken up the matter and increased the reward for the villain's capture by another \$500. It was just after this had been done that my odd adventure befell me."

"I had been out after wild turkeys—ostensibly, at any rate—and was coming home with an old gobbler slung over my back. As I approached the road I heard the thud of a horse's hoofs, and, as had been customary with me, hurried forward to see the rider pass, with a vague hope that the mysterious eagle might choose that very moment to swoop down upon another victim."

"A familiar proverb says 'it is the unexpected that happens.' But every rule has its exceptions and every proverb as well. This time it was the expected that happened. I had a presentiment that I was about to behold something wonderful and strange—and I did. Hardly had I come in sight of the horseman (and there was still a thin, concealing veil of foliage between me and the open road) when a great waving shadow came drifting along the highway. I glanced up and with my heart in my mouth, saw a huge bird descending with set and motionless wings. But I saw something more, something that almost froze the blood in my veins. A miniature man sat, astride of the eagle's neck, his fierce little face set with vindictive purpose. To this day I can see the baneful gleam of his small, blazing eyes. In one hand he carried a glittering, naked knife. The other hand was extended as if to grasp in anticipation his victim's hair."

"When the eagle was almost directly over the unsuspecting horseman, the pygmy bandit threw one leg over the bird's neck, sat sidewise and poised himself ready to drop upon his victim's shoulders. Instinctively and with a motion as quick as thought my rifle sprang to my shoulder. Just as the dwarf let go his hold and dropped there was a ringing report, and the eagle, pierced through the heart by my bullet, fell simultaneously with his pygmy master. Both struck the flanks of the frightened horse, and the animal sprang forward in a wild snorting gallop, so sudden and so endangering to the rider that he did not even venture to turn his head to see what occasioned it. In a minute more horse and rider were out of sight around a bend in the road."

"The eagle rolled into the dust and after a few spasmodic flutterings lay still. The pygmy bandit, springing to his feet, glared about him for a moment with mingled rage and terror in his weakened and contorted face. Then, with a cry, whose utter despair and piercing anger I shall never forget, he darted into the bushes on the opposite side of the road and disappeared."

"Hardly knowing what I did, I bounded after his disappearing form, but the sly creature was too quick for me. In the tangled underbrush it was useless to pursue a being who could dart unobstructed along a rabbit path, and I soon gave up the chase as vain."

"Leaving my wild turkey concealed in the bushes, I carried the dead eagle to the village and told my story. At first there were none who would believe me, but when I led the way to the spot where the tragedy had occurred, and the Indian-fighter had examined the small footprints in the dust, and in the soft mud of a spring-hole in the woods, where the dwarf had crossed in his flight, doubt and evil gave way to wonder and congratulation, and I became at once the hero of the community."

"Although I had not captured the pygmy bandit, I had solved the mystery that surrounded him and destroyed the unique means by which he approached and surprised his victims. From that day the terrible little man disappeared utterly. The last of his strange crimes had been recorded."

"I received one thousand dollars for my amateur detective work. Half of it I offered to the man who had puzzled out the necessary clew. But he would not touch a cent. 'No, my boy,' he said, 'you deserve all you have earned and more, whether you actually captured the pygmy bandit or not, for you fixed him so that he is better than dead to the world. He has ceased from his crimes and retributive justice has been spared the unnatural job of disposing of such a human freak. You are a born detective, lad, and my advice to you is to go into that profession for all you are worth.' And I have."

"Good advice!" I cried, as Sandhurst ceased, "and in some respects the most remarkable introduction to a profession I ever heard of!"—Detroit Free Press.

What She Wanted.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the butcher of the little girl with the soulful eyes and fawn-like air.

"Oh, yes, sir," lisped the little angel, timidly. "I want a sealskin saccie, and a diamond ring, and a trotting horse, and a steam yacht, and a foreign nobleman, and a pug dog, and a brown stone house, and a box at the opera, and lots of other things; but all ma wants is ten cents' worth of bologna sausage for dinner, and won't you please trust her for it till Saturday night?"—Judge.

United States Coin in Hawaii.
Nearly all the gold coin in circulation in the Sandwich Islands is of United States mintage.

THE SERGEANT'S ADVICE.

He Says a Soldier Should Never Admit Ignorance Until He Is Sure of It.

The artillery sergeant was giving one of his rare and highly prized lectures, with illustrations from his own experience, to an audience of respectful recruits. His text was that the true soldier should know everything, and if there should be anything he didn't know, to conceal carefully his lack of knowledge.

"Now, look at me," he said. "I am in the service more years than you boys has got hairs on your chins, and at that there ups and comes something now and again that I have to learn. Do I admit to my superior officers that I don't know it? Not me. I let on that it's all A B C to me, and goes at it blind till I learn it. When I was down at Governor's island, not so many years ago, there was a new kind of fancy gun arrived at Fort Slocum, and the colonel got orders to send a man up there to learn the boys the use of it."

"Sergeant," says he to me, 'I want you to go up to Fort Slocum to-morrow and drill the men there on that Brown-Robinson piece.'

"Yes, sir," says I, saluting.

"Do you understand the mechanism of it?" says he, looking at me very sharp.

"To be sure, sir," says I. 'I seen then shooting with it at Fort McPherson two years ago.'

"That's very curious," says he, 'seeing it's only been in use in this country for less than a year,' and he gave me the laugh. 'But you go ahead, anyway,' says he, 'for if you can't put it through there's no man here that can.'

"You may guess that I got on the train thinking mighty hard, for I'd picked up enough to know that the new artillery was no more like any other kind of a gun than a peashooter is like a bow and arrow, and I was thinking I'd make a scrumptious disgrace of myself before a gang of strange Johnnies. Talk about soldier's luck—if I didn't run into my old captain on the train, a man that always keeps up with the latest thing in the artillery line. He asked me to sit down by him, and I said something about the new gun. That started him. He was all over the place with enthusiasm about it."

"But, sir," I says, 'that's a queer arrangement about the breech,' feeling him for a rise.

"Queer?" says he. 'Not a bit when you understand it. Now, here, I'll draw it out for you,' and he fished out a bit of paper and a pencil and went to making diagrams.

"That was just my meat, so I led him on from one thing to another until I'd the whole arrangement down on paper, and I clapped eyes on the gun it was smiling at me like an old friend."

I put the men through a drill on that piece that made 'em think I was a past grand master of the whole business. And the moral of this is: Never say you don't know a thing till you're sure you don't, for luck and a man's brains will pull him through many a hole with glory. Private McManus, if you have the mate to that cigar in your pocket I can use it in my business. Thanks."—N. Y. Sun.

AUTUMN CRAVATS.

Black Now in Favor and the Very Bright Ones Are Saved for Winter Wear.

White cravats are beginning to weary us, and black ones offer a welcome change to be worn so long as white-colored materials are admissible. When dark winter suits are necessary, then gayer-colored ones probably will take their place. But for the near future we are to have black. One style consists of a wide scarf of black surah tied in a big bow under the chin, the ends turned underneath, sailor fashion, after passing through a large flattened ring. The watered ribbon cravat, perhaps, is prettier than the above. It may be had in all colors, but the black moire tinted with a narrow, mellow-tinted lace plect on the edge, seems to be the favorite. These black cravats include those made of black mousseline de soie, edged with ruchings, black satin comet ribbon or narrow black velvet.

It is more than a rumor that we are to wear elbow sleeves in the near future, since Doucet is making walking costumes in veiling and other light woollens with sleeves only to the bend of the arm. They are absolutely tight and close-fitting to the shoulder as well as to the upper arm, and are finished off with plain rows of trimming. This necessitates long gloves.

One of the newest fabrics for fall wear is made of silk and wool in about the weight of cashmere. Woven into the goods is a puffed satin stripe. Another novelty cloth that comes by the yard is striped with velvet bands, edged on either side with soutache. The bands are straight or undulating.—St. Louis Republic.

Felt It Was Worth It.

The woman who overheard the remark is telling with much horror of an unpardonable something a Washington matron said right before everybody in the dining-room of a hotel in the Virginia mountains—that is to say, certain portions of them, at least—were scratching in the misery of an acute attack of fleas, and the Washington matron is a very attractive woman, even to fleas. It was at a dinner one day that she burst out with the remark which horrified everybody so. She was wearing a slightly décolleté gown, and she was unmistakably uneasy. The waiter asked her if she would have a dozen or so different things she didn't want. "No," she said, finally. "I don't want any of those things, but I'll give you a dollar if you'll just take this salt cellar and pour it down my back." And she paid the dollar, too.—Washington Post.

CLEAR HEADS FROM ONIONS.

Two Enthusiasts Tell About the Benefits of the Brain Food from Bermuda.

"How does that strike you?" asked the bartender, as he took a bite from something that looked very much like an ordinary sandwich of some sort and then glanced over his shoulder at the clock in a satisfied manner. "That? Why, that's a sandwich; only instead of ham or beef between the slices of bread I have—guess what. No, it isn't cabbage or sauerkraut. It's plain, white, raw Bermuda onion, all sliced up."

"Shouldn't think you could stand anything like that in any quantity," said one of the listeners. "You won't have any tears to weep if you keep that up long."

"That's what they all say at first," replied the bartender, "but you can never know until you try. You soon get used to the onions, and after that you wouldn't give 'em up for anything. Let me tell you how I acquired the onion habit—for it's a real habit, and, what's more, a mighty good habit."

"I used to mix drinks at one of the big uptown hotels, where a number of men who followed the races gathered nearly every night to have a small game, with a moderate amount of drink to carry things along. About two o'clock every morning, never ten minutes later, those four or five men would order a big platter of raw sliced onions with a few slices of white bread. Then they'd open the windows to clear the smoke out, and they'd set that platter of onions on the table; each man would take a fork and they would eat until the onions were gone. I didn't understand that at all when I first went there, but pretty soon, after I got to know those men fairly well, I asked them about it."

"What on earth do you eat those raw onions for at this time of night?" I asked.

"Here's a chance for another convert," said one of them. "Why, don't you know that there's nothing like a raw onion to clear your head at night? Just help yourself and try it. Why, man, after you've been working your brain all day and half the night, and maybe have drunk a little and smoked a little, you are in no condition to get a good rest for the night. Now, there's nothing like a raw onion or two to start you right on your night's rest. Two of these onions, sliced up raw, will clear your head and brain, and, finally, and most important, although you may not believe it, will put your stomach in the right condition."

"Of course I tried it, too, but at first I could no more eat one onion than I could fly. They all kept at me, however, and in a week's time I was an onion enthusiast and ate two or three onions every night just before I shut up shop. I really believe I couldn't work at night now without getting ill if I didn't eat those onions. Just try it some night and keep at it for three or four days; at the end of that time you'll be willing to swear that you'll never give up the habit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FROM SLAVE TO EMPRESS.

Romantic Career of the Self-Made Woman Ruler, the Dowager of China.

The most powerful woman ruler in the world is Empress Dowager Tuen-Tson-Hsi.

She never sets on the possessions of Victoria's kingdom, and her navy is the finest in the world; the strength of Queen Wilhelmina's little country is not to be despised, and her marriage will probably widen her dominions; Maria Christina may change the boundaries of the countries of Europe, but the empress of China controls the destinies of 600,000,000 people, a nation which, during her lifetime, will probably pass through the most eventful and important epoch in its history. Her control of the government is supreme, since she has recently taken the regal power from her worthless son, the emperor, with the full sanction of the law. She is probably the first "self-made empress" in history, and the story of her career is one of the most romantic ever told.

Tuen-Tson-Hsi (good luck) was a very little girl when her father lost all his small property, and his family were on the verge of starvation. His daughter, who had none of the American girl's "sentimentalism," proposed at this crisis that he should sell her, and he, nothing loth, for she was only a girl, disposed of her for a large sum of money to the viceroy of his province. Her beauty and accomplishments—she learned how to read and embroider in her new home—soon won so much attention from her master that a disturbance in the domestic arrangements of the household was imminent, and to avoid the catastrophe she was presented to the emperor. He was immediately attracted to her celestial charms, and as his wife very conveniently died about this time he married the little slave girl.

During his life she wielded much influence, often for the worse, for she is a woman whose nature a knowledge of adversity did not soften; and on his death she assumed full control of the imperial affairs. For some years after her son came of age she yielded the government to him, but she has now resumed entire control, and again occupies the throne of the greatest despotism in history.—St. Louis Republic.

Latter-Day Dude Is Loaded.

"Say, dad, there is a New York dude over thar in the El Dorado saloon. Come out and lick him."

"See here, son, are you trying to git your old dad into trouble? You just read up on that first Cuban battle. Your dad's goin' to let the dude family severely alone hereafter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HUMOROUS.

Clara—"I saw some funny looking mugs in a window on Fifth avenue the other day." Cora—"What club was it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Grace—"But what do you mean by saying Mr. Dushaway is such a lady-like man, dear?" Flo—"He can't raise a mustache."—World's Comic.

Mrs. Hoyle—"So, your servant lighted the fire with kerosene and suffered the consequences?" Mrs. Doyle—"Yes, the mean thing. It wasn't her day out."—Town Topics.

First Jurymen—"What did you think when the judge committed Dobson to prison for contempt of court?" Second Jurymen—"I was glad he wasn't a mind reader."—Green Bag.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never tie myself down to one man." "Perhaps," he replied, sarcastically, "if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."—Philadelphia North American.

"I see that they are going to play golf on Sunday in Chicago." "Well?" "It doesn't seem quite right to give up Sunday to ordinary sports." "Why, bless your heart, golf isn't a sport."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hicks—"It is hardly possible that a marriage should come out of it between two such persons." Wicks—"I don't know. He is a regular stick, and she has got enough brimstone in her to make a match."—Boston Transcript.

"What do they call the microbes that breed diseases, John?" "Please, sir, germs." "Correct—and what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?" "Please, sir, Germans."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

First Girl—"I was in front last night, dear, to see you play Juliet." Second Girl—"Yes, I know you were; but you needn't have talked so loud all through my best scenes." First Girl—"Oh, but you must be mistaken, dear; it couldn't possibly have been I. I never talk in my sleep."—Punch.

BROKE HIS BONES ON AUG. 26.

The Remarkable Series of Accidents Which Regularly Befell an English Collier.

As might naturally be expected from his hazardous occupation, the collier is frequently injured by accidents underground, but the following particulars, deserve, I think, a space in the *Lancet* because of the strange series of fractures sustained by a man, as well as the remarkable coincidence in the date of their occurrence.

A man aged 44 years, short and well built, was first attended by me on August 26, 1890, for a compound fracture of the left leg, resulting from a portion of the roof or top falling and striking him while following his employment in Risca collieries. The patient made an uninterrupted recovery, and was able in about six months to resume his work underground.

The patient's previous history, told by himself, and corroborated by others, is very remarkable. With the exception of an attack of typhoid fever, which he had when 18 years of age, and two or three attacks of quinsy subsequently, he had not suffered bodily in any way. He was always very temperate, and for about 18 years a total abstainer. But his misfortunes in the mine were many and are remarkable from the fact that they always happened on the 26th day of August. Here is his record. At the age of ten years he fractured his right index finger. It happened on August 26. When 13 years old he fractured his left leg below the knee through falling from horseback, also August 26. At 14 years of age he fractured both bones of the left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick, August 26. In another year, on August 26, when 15 years of age, he had compound fracture of the left leg above the ankle by his foot being caught under an iron rod and his body falling forward. Next year, again on the same date, August 26, he had compound fracture of both legs, the right being so severely crushed that it had to be amputated at the lower third of the thigh. This was caused by a horse, hitched to a tram of coals, which, running wild under ground, caught him in a narrow passage, crushing both legs severely. After this he did not work on August 26 for 25 years, and little wonder, but in the year 1890 he forgot his fateful day and went to work, with the result that he sustained the compound fracture which I have mentioned in the beginning. After this he has studiously avoided working on August 26, though never missing work at other times.—London *Lancet*.

Gold Coins in the World.

It will probably be a shock to many to learn that all the gold coins current throughout the world could be comfortably stowed away in any one of thousands of English drawing-rooms. A careful estimate of the gold currency of the world placed its amount at £755,000,000. Although this enormous sum will probably exceed our entire national revenue for the next seven years, it could, if converted into English sovereigns, be placed in a room 33 feet long, 20 feet wide and 20 feet high. The process of packing the sovereigns would, indeed, be a labor of time and infinite patience. If the sovereigns were placed in position at the rate of one a second, working for eight hours a day, a child of eight, commencing the task to-day, would see his eightieth birthday before the last sovereign was in position and the door could be locked. To convey this gold to the strong room would require the utmost strength of 4,000 horses, which would have to pull a weight of 5,951 tons. The sovereigns thus accumulated would make a golden carpet for the whole of St. James park, with a remnant of 32.3 acres to spare; and, if placed edge to edge, they would form a footpath of gold, six inches wide, between London and Constantinople.—London *Tit-Bits*.